PHILASTER,

OR

Love lies a Bleeding.

A

COMEDY.

As it hath been divers times Acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*:

And now at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

The Authors being { Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher, } *Gentlemen.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Bentley* and *S. Magnes* in *Russel-Street* near *Covent-Garden*, 1687.

COMEDY.

Theatre Royal,

BY

THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

THE STATIONER To the Understanding GENTRY.

THis Play so affectionately taken, and approved by the Seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators, (of which sort, I take, or conceive you to be the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of two Editions,) no less acceptance with improvement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the first Impression swarm'd with Errors, proving it self like pure Gold, which the more it hath been tried and refined, the better is esteemed; the best Poems of this kind, in the first presentation, resemble that all-tempting Mineral newly digged up, the Actors being only the labouring Miners, but you the skilful Triers and Refiners: Now considering how currant this hath passed, under the infallible stamp of your judicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainful Office in this Age) eagerly sought for, not only by those that have heard and seen it, but by others that have meerly heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine own benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lye like this Love a Bleeding,) do fairly arrive at their intended Haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottom, and set forth again, to gain the good-will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: Adieu.

The

The Persons presented are these, viz.

THe *King.*
Philaster, Heir to the Crown.
Pharamond, Prince of Spain.
Dion, A Lord,
Cleremont, } Noble Getlemen his Associates.
Trasiline, }
Arethusa, the Kings Daughter.
Gallatea, a wise Modest Lady attending the Princess.
Megra, a Lascivious Lady.
An old Wanton Lady, or Croane.
Another Lady attending the Princess.
Euphrasia, Daughter of *Dion*, but disguised like a Page, and called *Bellario.*
An old Captain.
Five Citizens.
A Country Fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The Kings Guard and Train.

The SCENE *CICILY.*

PHI-

PHILASTER,

OR

Love lies a Bleeding.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Dion*, *Cleremont* and *Trasilino*.

Cleremont.

HEre's nor Lords, nor Ladies.

Dion. Credit me, Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd ſtrict charge from the King, to attend here: Beſides, it was boldly publiſhed, that no Officer ſhould forbid any Gentlemen, that deſired to attend, and hear.

Cle. Can you gueſs the cauſe?

Di. Sir, it is plain about the Spaniſh Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdoms Heir, and be our Soveraign.

Tra. Many (that will ſeem to know much) ſay, ſhe looks not on him like a Maid in Love.

Di. Faith, Sir, the multitude (that ſeldome know any thing but their own opinions) ſpeak that they would have. But the Prince before his own approach, receiv'd ſo many confident meſſages from the State, that I think ſhe's reſolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he ſhall enjoy both theſe Kingdomes of *Cicilie*, and *Calabria*.

Dion. Sir, it is (without controverſie) ſo meant. But 'twill be a troubleſome labour, for him to enjoy both theſe Kingdoms, with ſafety, the right Heir to one of them living, and living ſo vertuouſly; eſpecially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaſter*?

Di. Yes, whoſe father, we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, unrighteouſly depoſed from his fruitful *Cicilie*. My ſelf drew ſome blood in thoſe warrs, which I would give my hand to be waſhed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policy, will not let me know, why (*Philaſter* being Heir to one of theſe Kingdomes) the King ſhould ſuffer him to walk abroad with ſuch free liberty.

Di. Sir, it ſeems your nature is more conſtant, than to enquire after State

News. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdoms, of *Cicilie* and of his own, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the City was in Armes, nor to be charm'd down by any State-Order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the Streets pleas'd, and without a Guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their Armes from them; some to make Bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a Forreign Nation to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, Megra, *and a* Lady.

Tra. See, yonder Ladies: What's the first?

Di. A wise and modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princess.

Cle. The second?

Di. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ilfavour'dly dance her Measure; simper when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband.

Cle. The last?

Di. Faith, I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: She'll cog and lye with a whole Army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanc'd beyond *Hercules* Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens Bodies; and indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own Body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable Member.

La. Peace, if you love me; you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? Why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad; what Forreign would do so? it writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her go on; what if they be? Why if they be, I will justifie, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor say excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha.

La. Do you laugh, Madam?

Di. Your desires upon you, Ladies.

La. Then you must sit besides us.

Di. I shall sit near you then, Lady.

La. Near me perhaps: But there's a Lady endures no stranger, and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Meg. Methinks he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted.

Tra. Peace, the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, *and Train.*

King. To give a stronger testimony of love,

Than

Than sickly promises (which commonly
In Princes finde both Birth and Burial.
In one breath, we have drawn you worthy Sir,
To make your fair indearments to our Daughter,
And worthy services known to your Subjects:
Now lov'd and wondred at: Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,
Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,
(The best part of your Life, as you confirme me,
And I believe) though her few years, and Sex,
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge,
Only of what her self, is to her self,
Make her feel moderate health: And when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams,
Think not (dear Sir) these undivided parts,
That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An Artificial shadow to her nature:
No Sir, I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No Woman. But woo her still, and think her Modesty,
A sweeter Mistress than the offer'd Language
Of any Dame, were she a Queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble Son, (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus publick, is not only
To add a comfort in particular,
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The Nobles and the Gentry of these Kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this Month at most.

Tra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Di. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done,
Whilst so brave a Gentleman is wrong'd and flung off,

Tra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Di. I fear not for my self, and yet I fear too:
Well, we shall see, we shall see: no more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand (mistress) I take leave,
To thank your Royal Father: And thus far,
To be my own free Trumpet. Understand
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir,
And so deserving I dare speak my self)
To what a person, of what eminence,

Ripe expectation, of what faculties (which common
Manners and vertues, you would need your Kingdoms
You in me have your wishes, Oh this Country,
(By more than all the gods) I hold it happy,
Happy, in their dear memories, that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is,
And from you (as a Chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Open my self most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a Princes word,
There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded, and obey'd;
But through the travels of my life I'le finde it,
And tye it to this Country. By all the Gods,
My Reign shall be so easie to the Subject,
That every man shall be his Prince himself,
And his own Law: yet I his Prince and Law.
And dearest Lady, to your dearest self,
(Dear in the choise of him, whose Name and Lustre
Must make you more and mightier) Let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet Princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your Servant, you shall make him yours, for whom
Great Queens must die.

Tra. Miraculous.

Cle. This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

Enter *Philaster*.

Di. I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll sell himself he has so prais'd his shape: But here comes one, more worthy those large speeches, than the large speaker of them: let me be swallowed quick, if I can finde, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one sinnew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By this Sun, he'll ne're make King, unless it be of trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as Loyal as my knee,
I beg your Favour.

K. Rise, you have it, Sir.

Di. Mark but the King how pale he looks, he fears,
Oh, this same whoreson Conscience, how it jades us!

K. Speak your intents, Sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal Soveraign.

K. As a Subject,
We give you freedom.

Di. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you Prince, you forreign man:
Ne're ſtare, nor put on wonder, for you muſt
Indure me, and you ſhall. This earth you tread upon,
(A dowry as you hope with this fair Princeſs,
Whoſe memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father,)
To your inheritance, and I up, and living,
Having my ſelf about me, and my ſword,
The Souls of all my Name, and memories;
Theſe arms, and ſome few friends, beſide the Gods,
To part ſo calmely with it, and ſit ſtill,
And ſay I might have been. I tell thee, *Pharamond*,
When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,
And my Name aſhes, as I: For, hear me, *Pharamond*,
This very ground thou goeſt on: this fat earth,
My fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of ſhame, ſhall gape and ſwallow
Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,
Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it ſhall;
By the juſt Gods it ſhall.
Pha. He's mad, beyond cure, mad.
Di. Here's a fellow has ſome fire in's veins:
The out-landiſh Prince looks like a Tooth-drawer.
Phi. Sir Prince of Poppinjayes, I'le make it well appear
To you, I am not mad.
K. You diſpleaſe us,
You are too bold.
Phi. No Sir, I am too tame,
Too much a Turtle, a thing born without paſſion,
A faint ſhaddow, that every drunken clowd fails over,
And makes nothing.
K. I do not fancy this,
Call our Phyſicians: ſure he's ſomewhat tainted.
Tra. I do not think 'twill prove ſo.
Di. H'as given him a general purge already, for all the right he has, and now he means to let him blood: Be conſtant, Gentlemen, by Heaven I'le run his hazard, although I run my name out of the Kingdom.
Cle. Peace, we are all one ſoul.
Pha. What you have ſeen in me, to ſtir offence,
I cannot finde, unleſs it be this Lady,
Offer'd into my armes, with the ſucceſſion,
Which I muſt keep: though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without diſputing
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge
Whoſe branch you are. The King will leave it me,

And

And I dare make it mine: you have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him,
That made the world his; and couldst see no Sun
Shine upon any thing but thine: were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,
And ringd amongst the choicest of his friends,
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied Commendations,
And from this presence: Spight of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

K. Sir, you wrong the Prince;
I gave you not this freedome, to brave our best friends;
You deserve our frown: Go to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

Gal. Ladies.
This would have been a pattern of Succession,
Had he ne're met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man,
This day, within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the man set in my eye:
Oh 'tis a Prince of wax.

Gal. A dog it is.

K. Philaster, tell me,
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, Sir, and suffrance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken Fortunes,
My want's great, and now nothing hopes, and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at:
Dare you be still my King, and right me not?

K. Give me your wrongs in private. [*They whisper.*

Phi. Take them;
And ease me of a load, would bow strong *Atlas*.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Di. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Every man in this age, has not a Soul of Christal, for all men to read their actions through: mens hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon Stranger well, and you shall see a Feaver through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true Tenant; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report of an Elder Gun, I have no augury.

K. Go to:
Be more your self, as you respect our Favour;
You'l stir us else; Sir, I must have you know,
That y'are, and shall be at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you: smooth your brow, or by the Gods——

Phi. I am dead, Sir, y'are my Fate: It was not I
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me,

My

My weak Stars lead me too; all my weak Fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of Flesh, and may be mortal) tell me
I do not most intirely love this Prince,
And honour his full vertues.

K. Sure he's possest.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit: now he tells me King,
I was a Kings Heir, bids me be a King,
And whispers to me, these are all my Subjects:
'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes,
That kneel, and do me service, cry me King:
But I'le suppress him, he's a factious Spirit,
And will undo me; noble Sir, your hand,
I am your servant.

K. Away, I do not like this:
I'le make you tamer, or I'le dispossess you
Both of Life and Spirit: for this time
I pardon your wilde speech, without so much
As your Imprisonment.

[*Exit* K. Pha. Are.

Di. I thank you, Sir, you dare not for the People.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave Fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand: but eye yon Stranger, is he not a fine compleat Gentleman? O these Strangers, I do affect them strangely: They do the rarest home things, and please the fullest: as I live, I could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece, Lady, 'tis a weak one, and had need of a night cap.

[*Exit Ladies.*

Di. See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous Train
Did he give fire to? How he shook the King,
Made his Soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whay: it stood upon his Brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no Minion:
You stand (methinks) like men that would be Courtiers
If you could well be flatter'd at a price
Not to undo your children: y'are all honest:
Go get you home again, and make your Countrey
A vertuous Court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age retire, and live reclose.

Cle. How do you worthy Sir?

Phi. Well, very well;

And

And so well, that if the King please I finde:
I may live many years.
Di. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries: shrink not, worthy Sir,
But add your father to you: In whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The Rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your Swords point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?
Tra. Do we love Heaven, and Honour?
Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A vertuous Gentlewoman, call'd you father,
Is she yet alive?
Di. Most honour'd Sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a *Lady.*

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?
La. To you, brave Lord: the Princess would intreat
Your present company.
Phi. The Princess send for me? y'are mistaken.
La. If you be call'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.
Di. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes, go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face? *Gentlemen*,
By *Jupiter* I must not fear a woman.
Tra. But are you sure it was the Princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, Gentlemen: she's noble,
Her Eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:
There's all the danger in't: but be what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me. [*Exit* Phil.
Di. Go on:
And be as truly happy, as th'art fearless:
Come, Gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the King prove false. [*Exit Gentlemen.*

Enter Arethusa, *and a Lady.*

Are. Comes he not?

La.

La. Madam?

Are. Will *Philaster* come?

La. Dear, Madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my Womans strength
Is so o'recharg'd, with dangers like to grow,
About my Marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled Sea:
How lookt he, when he told thee he would come?

La. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful?

La. Fear, Madam? sure he knows not what it is.

Are. You all are of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I
May live neglected: and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the Sea,
Drowned in the Doing: but I know he fears.

La. Fear? Madam, (me thought) his looks bid more
Of Love then Fear.

Are. Of love? to whom? To you? Did you deliver those plain words I sent
With such a winning jesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?

La. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of Love to me? Alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our Births:
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood
Drawn from this Arm of mine, would poyson thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of Love to me?

La. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in:
You Gods that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy Wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passions of a feeble Maid
The way unto your Justice; I obey.

La. Here is my Lord *Philaster*. [*Enter Phi.*

Are. Oh, 'tis well.
Withdraw your self.

Phi. Madam, your Messenger
Made me believe, you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, *Philaster*; but the words are such,
I have to say, and do so ill beseem

The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in Person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your Vertues?

Phi. Never, Madam, you.

Are. Why then should you in such a publick place,
Injure a Princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my Fortunes, fam'd to be so great,
Calling a great part of my Dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: but for your fair and vertuous self,
I could afford my self to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these Kingdoms.

Phi. Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I die: by heaven I die, *Philaster*,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our Stories, that *Philaster* gave
His right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,
To save a Ladies longing.

Are. Nay then hear:
I must, and will have them, and more.

Phi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the Gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn then away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I cannot endure it: turn away my face:
I never yet saw enemy that looke
So dreadfully, but that I thought my self
As great a Basilisk as he; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my Tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast, that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a Ladies voice,
Whom I do love? Say you would have my life,
Why, I will give it you for it is of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask,
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price,
If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear,

Are.

Are Yet for my ſake a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know I muſt have them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love: without which, all the Land
Diſcovered yet, will ſerve me for no uſe,
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't poſſible?
Are. With it, it were too little to beſtow
On thee: Now, though thy breath do ſtrike me dead,
(Which know it may) I have unript my Breſt.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a Train for this contemned Life,
Which you may have for asking: to ſuſpect
Were baſe, where I deſerve no ill; love you,
By all my hopes I do, above my Life:
But how this paſſion ſhould proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous?
Are. Another Soul into my body ſhot,
Could not have fill'd with more ſtrength and Spirit,
Then this thy breath: but ſpend not haſty time
In ſeeking how I came thus: 'tis the Gods,
The Gods, that make me ſo: and ſure our Love
Will be the nobler, and the better blaſt,
In that ſecret the juſtice of the Gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiſs,
Leſt ſome unwelcome Gueſt ſhould fall betwixt us,
And we ſhould part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill,
I ſhould abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true: and worſe,
You ſhould come often: How ſhall we deviſe
To hold intelligence? That our true loves
On any new occaſion may agree,
What Path is beſt to tread?
Phi. I have a Boy
Sent by the Gods, I hope to this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the Court. Hunting the Buck,
I found him ſitting by a Fountains ſide,
Of which he borrowed ſome to quench his thirſt,
And paid the Nymph again as much in tears,
A Garland lay him by, made by himſelf,
Of many ſeveral Flowers, bred in the Bay,
Stuck in that myſtick order, that the rareneſs
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,

As if he meant to make love grow again,
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story
He told me, that his Parents gentle dyed,
Leaving him to the Mercy of the Fields,
Which gave him Roots; and of the Crystal Springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the Sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his Light.
Then took he up his Garland, and did shew,
What every Flower, as Country people hold,
Did signifie: and how all, ordered thus,
Expresst his grief: and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest Lecture of his Country Art,
That could be wisht: so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest Boy,
That ever Master kept: Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to do his Service.

Are. What will you do, *Philaster*, with your self?

Phi. Why, that which all the Gods have appointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thy self;
Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*!
When Thunder speaks, which is the voice of God;
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a Stranger Prince have leave to brag
Unto a Foreign Nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself.

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide my self,
Which will for ever on my Conscience lie.

Are. Then, good *Philaster*, give him hopes and way,
In what he says: for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: for my sake do.

Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My Princely Mistress, as true Lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands: and to shew
In outward Ceremonies, the dear Love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his Claim unto the Kingdom.
Pha. Sirrah, I forbear you before the King.
Phi. Good Sir, do so still, I would not talk with you
Pha. But now the time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of right to any Kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable.
Phi. Good Sir, let me go.
Pha. And by the Gods.
Phi. Peace *Pharamond*: if thou——
Are. Leave us, *Philaster*.
Phi. I have done.
Pha. You are gone: by heaven I'le fetch you back.
Phi. You shall not need.
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, *Pharamond*,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice; But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so? and in the chamber of the Princess?
Phi. It is a place to which, I must confess
I owe a reverence: But were't the Church,
I at the Altar, there's no place so safe
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatness, Know, Sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness, thus, thus into nothing;
Give not a word, not a word back: Farewel. [*Exit Phi.*
Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, Madam, we must stop
His mouth with some office, when we are married.
Are. You were best make him your Controuler.
Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, Madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow
The Ceremonies of State are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so: if then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolne
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.
Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit Are.*
Pha. The constitution of my Body will never hold out till the wedding;
I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit Pha.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philaster *and* Bellario.

Phi. AND thou shalt find her honourable Boy
Full of regard unto thy tender Youth,
For thine own Modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give, then thou wilt be to ask,
I, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing:
And only yet am something, by being yours;
You trusted me unknown, and that which you were apt
To conster, a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been craft: the cunning of a Boy
Hardened in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me: for which
I never can expect to serve a Lady,
That bears more honour in her breast then you.

Phi. But boy, it will prefer thee: thou art young,
And beareſt a childish over-flowing love
To them that clap thy Cheeks, and speak thee fair yet;
But when thy judgment comes to rule those Passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful Friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life:
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a Servant he thought trusty; I remember
My Father would prefer the Boys he kept
To greater men then he, but did it not,
Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt to learn,
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornesse, if it be so,
Rather then turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi.

Phi. Thy Love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee,
Alas, I do not turn thee off: thou knowest
It is my business, that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so: and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one; I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will:
Nay, weep not, gentle boy: 'Tis more then time
Thou didst attend the Princess.

Bel. I am gone:
But since I am to with you, my Lord,
And none knows whether I live to do
Most Service for you: take this little Prayer;
Heaven bless your Loves, your Fights, all your designs:
May sick Men, if they have your wish, be well:
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one.

Phi. The Love of Boys unto their Lord, is strange;
I have read wonders of it, yet this Boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his Loyalty. [*Exit* Phi.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must come this way, I know the Queens imploys 'em not, for the reverend Mother sent me word, they would all be for the Garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking: I was never so long without sport in my Life, and in my Conscience, 'tis not my fault: Oh, for our Country-Ladies. Here's one boulted, I'le hound at her.

Enter Gallatea.

Gall. Your Grace.

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gall. Not to me, Sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick by this sweet hand.

Gall. You'll be forsworn, Sir, 'tis but an old Glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: but good Prince be not bawdy, nor do not brag: these two I bar, and then I think, I shall have fence enough, to answer all the weighty *Apothegmes*, your royal blood shall menage.

Pha. Dear Lady, can you love?

Gall. Dear Prince, how dear? I ne're cost you a Coach yet not put you to the dear repentance of a Banquet; Here's no Scarlet, Sir, to blush the Sin out, it was given for; This wyer mine own hair covers: and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it nere cost penny painting: And for the rest of my poor Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife, curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake, me Lady.

Gall.

Gall. Lord, I do ſo: would you, and I could help it.

Pha. Do Ladies of this Country uſe to give no more reſpect to men of my full being?

Gall. Full being? I underſtand you not, unleſs your Grace means growing to fatneſs: and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge Prince) is, in a morning, a Cup of neat White-wine, brew'd with *Carduus*, then faſt till Supper; about eight you may eat: uſe exerciſe, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, you can ſhoot in a Tiller: But of all, your Grace muſt fly *Phlebotomy*, freſh Pork, Conger, and clarified Whey: They are all dullers of the vital Spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing, all this while.

Gall. 'Tis very true, Sir, I talk of you.

Pha. This is a craſty wench, I like her wit well, 'twill be rare to ſtir up a leaden appetite: ſhe's a *Danae*, and muſt be courted in a ſhower of Gold. Madam, look here, all theſe, and more, then——

Gall. What have you there, my Lord? Gold? Now, as I live 'tis fair Gold: you would have ſilver for it to play with the Pages: you could not have taken me in a worſe time: But if you have preſent uſe, my Lord, I'le ſend my man with ſilver, and keep your Gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gall. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white Money. Yet for all this I'le match ye. [*Exit* Gall. *behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two ſuch more in this Kingdom, and near the Court, we may even hang up our Harps: ten ſuch *Chaſtphier* conſtitutions as this, would call the golden Age again in queſtion, and teach the old way for every ill fac't husband, to get his own Children: and what a miſchief that will breed, let all conſider.

Enter Megra.

Here's another: if ſhe be of the ſame laſt, the devil ſhall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, Sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet: Sure this wench is free:
If your more ſerious buſineſs do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you, we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your Grace talk of?

Pha. Of ſome ſuch pretty Subject as your ſelf.
I'le go no further then your eye, or lip,
There's Theme enough for one man for an Age.

Meg. Sir, they ſtand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my Glaſs wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twin'd Cherries died in bluſhes,
Which thoſe fair Suns above, with their bright beams
Reflect upon, and ripen: ſweeteſt beauty,
Bow down thoſe branches, that the longing taſte
Of the faint looker on, may meet thoſe bleſſings,

And

And taste and live.

Meg. O delicate sweet Prince; she that hath known enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a Nun without probation.
Sir, you have in such neat Poetry gathered a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should command
Your forehead, or your Cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose, you cannot miss it, Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life you shall not:
I'le prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easie, now I ha' don't before:
But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to morrow,
I'le ne're part you, sweetest. But we lose time;
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my Lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'le teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory, this is all: love me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you that you said? 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Nor to a willing mind, that will endeavour; if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night, as you'l go to bed, I'le lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'le sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her any thing belonging to the function: she's afraid to lie with her self, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her; I know when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault indeed, but time and your good help will wear it out, Sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest Lady, I had rather be Sir *Tim* the Schoolmaster, and leap a Dairy-maid, Madam.

Meg. Has your Grace seen the Court-Star, *Gallatea*?

Pha. Out upon her; she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex, she fair'd but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, Sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it if they were tied to it, she would blow 'em out of the Kingdom.
They talk of *Jupiter*, he's but a squibcracker to her; Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my Faith, you do me the unnobleſt wrong.

Meg. I dare not, Prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own Conditions, my purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'le furnish you withall. Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful, speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and wish to me, I'le soon find you out.

Meg. My Lord, my chamber's most unsafe, but when 'tis night, I'le find some means to slip into your Lodging; till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee. [*Ex. several ways.*

Enter Gallatea *from behind the hangings.*

Gall. Oh thou pernicious petticoat Prince, are these your vertues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: and Lady Towsabel, I'le fit you for't. [*Exit* Gall.

Enter Arethusa *and a Lady.*

Are. Where's the boy?

La. Within, Madam.

Are. Gave you him Gold to buy him Cloaths?

La. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

La. Yes, Madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not? Asked you his name?

La. No, Madam. [*Enter* Gallatea.

Are. O you are welcome, what good News?

Gall. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That says she has done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gall. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.

Are. I prethee how?

Gall. In listning after bawdery: I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time, to hearken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gall. Why, with the Lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O when, and where?

Gall. To night, his Lodging.

Are. Run thy self into the presence, mingle there again With other Ladies, leave the rest to me: If Destiny (to whom we dare not say, Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so, In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters Was never alter'd:) yet, this match shall break. Where's the boy? [*Enter* Bellario.

La. Here, Madam.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?

Bell. Madam, I have not chang'd: I wait on you, To do him Service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me; Tell me thy name.

Bell.

Bell. Bellario.

Are. Thou canst sing, and play.

Bell. If grief will give me leave, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst master, when thou went'st to School?
Thou art not capable of other grief;
Thy Brows and Cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinckled brows, and hollow eyes,
And builds himself Caves to abide in them.
Come, Sir, tell me truly doth you Lord love me?

Bell. Love, Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew't Love?
Thou art deceived, boy; does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well?

Bell. If it be love,
To forget all respect to his own friends,
With thinking of your face: if it be Love
To sit cross arm'd, and think away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud,
And hastily, as men i'th' streets do fire;
If it be Love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any Lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once
As others drop a bead; be to be in Love;
Then, Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. O, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lye
For your Lord's credit; but thou knowest a lye
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me,
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy: Do you attend me too:
'Tis thy Lord's business hastes me thus. Away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Trasilin, Megra, Galatea.

Di. Come Ladies, shall we talk a round: As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.

Gall. 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gall. I fear they are so heavy, you'l scarce find
The way to your lodging with 'em to night.

Enter Pharamond.

Tra. The Prince.

Pha. Not a bed Ladyes, y'are good sitters up;
What think you of a pleasant dream to last

Till morning.

Meg. I should chuse, my Lord, a pleasing Wake before it.

Enter Arethusa *and* Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my Lord, y'are counting of Ladies.
Is't not late, Gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, Madam.

Are. Wait you there. [*Exit* Arethusa.

Meg. She's jealous, as I live: look you, my Lord,
The Princess has a *Hilas*, an *Adonis*.

Pha. His form is Angel-like.

Meg. Why this is he must, when you are wed,
Sit by your Pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His hand and voice lulling your thoughts in sleep:
The Princess does provide him for you, and for her self.

Pha. I find no Musick in these boys.

Meg. Nor I.
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.

Di. Serves he the Princess?

Tra. Yes.

Di. 'Tis a sweet boy, how brave he keeps him!

Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a Buck
To morrow morning, e're y'have done your dreams.

Meg. All happiness attend your Grace: Gentlemen, good rest:
Come, shall we to bed?

[*Exit* Gall. Meg.

Gall. Yes, all good night.

Di. May your dreams be true to you:
What shall we do, Gallants? 'Tis late, the King
Is up still, see he comes, a Guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, *and Guard.*

K. Look intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is: and I do hope,
Your Highness will not tie me to a man,
That in the heat of woing throws me off,
And takes another.

Di. What should this mean?

K. If it be true,
That Lady had been better have embrac'd
Cureless diseases; get you to your rest,
You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near,
We shall imploy you: Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his Lodging?

[*Exit* Are. Bell.

Di. I saw him enter there.

K. Haste some of you, and cunningly discover,
If *Megra* be in her Lodging.

Cle. Sir,

She

She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspition.
You Gods I see, that who unrighteously
Holds Wealth, or State from others, shall be curst
In that, which meaner men are blest withal:
Ages to come shall know no Male of him
Left to inherit: and his Name shall be
Blotted from Earth: If he have any Child,
It shall be crosly match'd: the Gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed, let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine,
She has not broke your Laws: but how can I
Look to be heard of Gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Di. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within, but they I think are Bawds; I told 'em I must speak with her; they laught, and said their Lady lay speechless; I said, my business was important; they said their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cryed, my business was a matter that concern'd life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was; I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking: Answers more direct I could not get: in short, Sir, I think she is not there.

K. 'Tis then no time to dally: you o'th' Guard,
Wait at the back door of the Princes lodging,
And see that none pass thence upon your lives.
Knock, Gentlemen, knock loud, louder yet:
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
I'le break your meditations: knock again:
Not yet: I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What lawcy Groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our Waiters? By my vexed Soul,
He meets his death, that meets me for this boldness.

K. Prince, you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends,
Come down.

Pha. The King?

K. The same, Sir, come down,
We have cause of present Counsel with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, I'le attend you
To your Chamber.

K. No

K. No, 'tis too late, Prince, I'le make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to my self,
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot:
Nay press not forward, Gentlemen, he must come
Through my life, that comes here.

K. Sir, be resolv'd, I must, and will come; Enter.

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd:
He that enters, enters upon his death:
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no Stranger of me,
To bring these Renegadoes to my Chamber,
At these unseason'd hours.

K. Why do you
Chase your self so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be:
Only I'le search your Lodging, for some cause
To our self known: Enter I say.

Pha. I say no. [*Meg. above.*

Meg. Let 'em enter, Prince,
Let 'em enter, I am up, and ready, I know their business,
'Tis the poor breaking of a Ladies honour.
They hunt so hotly after: let 'em enjoy it:
You have your business, Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you,
To make publique the weakness of a woman.

K. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my Lord: your whootings and your clamors,
Your private whispers, and your broad-fleerings,
Can no more vex my Soul, than this base carriage,
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

K. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst: but I shall wring you
If my skill fail me not.

K. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,
Conduct him to my Lodging, and to bed.

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring to bed indeed.

Di. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a Stag
Or two, so breathe himself, without a warrant:
If this geer hold, that Lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray God we may lie with our own wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

Enter with Megra.

K. Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can sit your Pallat, but the Prince.
Thou most ill shrowded rottenness: thou piece

Made

Made by a Painter and a Pothecary:
Thou troubled Sea of lust: Thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild thoughts: thou swoln clowd
Of infection: thou ripe mine of all diseases:
Thou all Sin, all Hell, and last, all Devils. Tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter.
By all the Gods, all these, and all the Pages,
And all the Court, shall hoot thee through the Court,
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribal'd rimes,
And sear thy name with Candles upon Walls:
Do ye laugh Lady *Venus?*

Meg. Faith, Sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry,
If you do this, O King: nay, if you dare do it;
By all those Gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own; I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth:
The Princess your dear Daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in Ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
Her layes, leaps, and out-layes, and will discover all;
Nay will dishonour her. I know the Boy
She keeps, a handsome boy: about eighteen:
Know what she does with him, where and when.
Come, Sir, you put me to a woman's madness.
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height?

K. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas, good minded Prince, you know not these things;
I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this fault
As you would keep your health from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
I will not fall alone: what I have known,
Shall be as publique as a Print: all Tongues
Shall speak it as they do the Language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'le set it
Like a prodigious Star for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing: that other Kingdoms far and Forreign,
Shall read it there: nay travail with it, till they find
No Tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair Princess.

K. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your Grace, I have seen a boy wayt
On her, a fair boy.

K. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'le study to forget you.

Meg.

Meg. Do you ſtudy to forget me, and I'le ſtudy
To forget you.

Ex. K. *Meg.* *Guard.*

Cle. Why here's a male ſpirit for *Hercules*, if ever there be nine worthies of woman, this Wench ſhall ride aſtride, and be their Captain.

Di. Sure ſhe has a Garriſon of Devils in her tongue, ſhe uttered ſuch balls of Wild-fire. She has ſo melted the King, that all the Doctors in the Country will ſcarce cure him. That boy was a ſtrange found out Antidote to cure her infections: that Boy, that Princeſs boy; that brave chaſte, vertuous Ladies boy: and a fair boy, a well-ſpoken boy: All theſe conſidered, can make nothing elſe——but there I leave you, Gentlemen.

Tra Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cle. Di. Tra.

Cle. NAY, doubtleſs 'tis true.
Di. I, and 'tis the Gods
That rais'd this puniſhment to ſcourge the King
With his own Iſſue: Is it not a ſhame
For us, that ſhould write noble in the land?
For us, that ſhould be free men, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaſter, preſt down from his royal right
By this regardleſs King: and only look,
And ſee the Scepter ready to be caſt
Into the hands of that laſcivious Lady,
That lives in Luſt with a ſmooth boy, now to be
Married to yon ſtrange Prince; who but that people
Pleaſe to let him be a Prince, is born a ſlave,
In that which ſhould be his moſt noble part,
His mind.

Tra. That man that would not ſtir with you
To aid *Philaſter*, let the Gods forget,
That ſuch a Creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. *Philaſter* is too backward in't himſelf;
The Gentry do wait it; and the People
Againſt their nature are all bent for him;
And like a field of ſtanding Corn, that's mowed
With a ſtiff gale; their heads bow all one way.

Di. The only cauſe that draws *Philaſter* back
From this attempt, is the fair Princeſs love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Tra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

Di. Why, Gentlemen, 'tis without queſtion ſo.
Cle. I 'tis paſt ſpeech, ſhe lives diſhoneſtly.
But how ſhall we, if he be curious, work
Upon his faith?
Tra. We all are ſatisfied within our ſelves.
Di. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'le make this new report to be my knowledge;
I'le ſay I know it, nay, I'le ſwear I ſaw it.
Cle. It will be beſt. [*Enter* Phila.
Tra. 'Twill move him.
Di. Here he comes: Good morrow to your honour,
We have ſpent ſome time in ſeeking you.
Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miſeries, and cannot frown
On men diſgrac'd for vertue: A good day
Attend you all. What Service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Di. My good Lord,
We come to urge that vertue which we know
Lives in your breaſt, forth, riſe, and make a head,
The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd
With this uſurping King; and not a man
That ever heard the word, or knew ſuch a thing
As Vertue, but will ſecond your attempts.
Phi. How honourable is this love in you,
To me that have deſerv'd none? Know, my friends,
(You that are born to ſhame your poor *Philaſter*,
With too much courteſie) I could afford
To melt my ſelf in thanks: but my deſigns
Are not yet ripe, ſuffice it, that e're long
I ſhall imploy your Loves: but yet the time
Is ſhort of what I would.
Di. The time is fuller, ſir, than you expect
That which hereafter, will not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught: As for the King
You know the people have long hated him:
But now the Princeſs, whom they lov'd.
Phi. Why, what of her?
Di. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what ſtrange means?
Di. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou lieſt.
Di. My Lord———
Phi. Thou lieſt. [*Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou ſhalt feel it; I had thought thy mind
Had been of honor: thus to rob a Lady

Of her good name, is an infectious ſin,
Not to be pardon'd; be it falſe as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be ſown
Amongſt the people, fruitful to increaſe
All evil they ſhall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falſhood, whilſt it ſprings:
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will ſcale them all,
And from the utmoſt top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a Clowd.

Di. This is moſt ſtrange:
Sure he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my Miſtreſs, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Tra. Nay, good my Lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his ſervice, and will ſhew you
Why he utter'd this.

Phi. I ask you pardon, Sir,
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard diſhonour ſpoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much diſtemper'd, and enrag'd as now.

Di. But this, my Lord, is truth.

Phi. O ſay not ſo, good Sir forbear to ſay ſo,
'Tis then truth that woman-kind is falſe:
Urge me no more, it is impoſſible;
Why ſhould you think the Princeſs light?

Di. Why, ſhe was taken at it.

Phi. 'Tis falſe, by heaven 'tis falſe: it cannot be,
Can it? Speak Gentlemen, for Gods love ſpeak;
Is't poſſible? can women all be damn'd?

Di. Why no, my Lord.

Phi. Why then it cannot be.

Di. And ſhe was taken with her Boy.

Phi. What Boy?

Di. A Page, a Boy that ſerves her.

Phi. Oh good Gods, a little boy?

Di. I, know you him, my Lord?

Phi. Hell and ſin, know him? Sir, you are deceiv'd:
I'le reaſon it a little coldly with you;
If ſhe were luſtful, would ſhe take a boy,
That knows not yet deſire? ſhe would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and know the ſin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedneſs:
You are abus'd, and ſo is ſhe, and I.

Di.

Di. How you, my Lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abus'd
In an unjuſt report.
Di. Oh, noble Sir, your vertues
Cannot look into the ſubtle thoughts of woman.
In ſhort, my Lord, I took them: I my ſelf.
Phi. Now all the devils thou didſt, fly from my rage,
Would thou hadſt tane devils ingendring plagues,
When thou didſt take them; hide thee from my eyes;
Would thou hadſt taken thunder on thy breaſt,
When thou didſt take them; or bin ſtrucken dumb
For ever: that this foul deed might have ſlept
In ſilence.
Tra. Have you known him ſo ill temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds that are let looſe
From the four ſeveral corners of the earth,
And ſpread themſelves all over Sea and Land,
Kiſs not a chaſte one. What friend bears a Sword
To run me through?
Di. Why, my Lord, are you ſo mov'd at this?
Phi. When any fall from vertue; I am diſtracted,
I have an intereſt in't.
Di. But good, my Lord, recall your ſelf,
And think what's beſt to be done.
Phi. I thank you, I will do it:
Pleaſe you to leave me, I'le conſider of it;
To morrow I will find your Lodging forth,
And give you anſwer.
Di. All the Gods direct you
The readieſt way.
Tra. He was extream impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.

[*Exit* Di. Cle. Tra.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them,
I'le follow him. O that I had a Sea
Within my Breaſt, to quench the fire I feel;
More circumſtances will but fan this fire;
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than ſimply that 'tis done:
And he that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies, as ſhe is far from truth.
O that like beaſts, we could not grieve our ſelves,
With that we ſee not; Bulls and Rams will fight,
To keep their females, ſtanding in their ſight,
But take 'em from them, and you take at once,

Their Spleens away: and they will fall again
Unto their paſtures, growing freſh and fat,
And taſte the waters of the Springs as ſweet,
As 'twas before; finding no ſtart in ſleep.
But miſerable man! See, ſee,——you Gods, [*Enter* Bellario.
He walks ſtill, and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent, is ſtill the ſame,
Not blaſted; is this Juſtice? Do you mean
To intrap Mortality, that you allow
Treaſon ſo ſmooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bell. Health to you, my Lord:
The Princeſs doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you.

Phi. Oh *Bellario*:
Now I perceive ſhe loves me: ſhe does ſhew it
In loving thee, my boy, ſhe has made thee brave.

Bell. My Lord, ſhe has attir'd me paſt my wiſh,
Paſt my deſert, more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. Oh let all women
That love black deeds, learn to diſſemble here,
Here, by this paper, ſhe does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of Adamant
To all the world beſides, but unto me,
A Maiden ſnow that melted with my looks;
Tell me, my boy, how doth the Princeſs uſe thee?
For I ſhall gueſs her love to me by that.

Bell. Scarce like her ſervant, but as if I were
Something allyed to her; Or had preſerv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity,
As Mothers fond do uſe their only Sons:
As I'de uſe one, that's left unto my truſt,
For whom my life ſhould pay, if he met harm,
So ſhe does uſe me.

Phi. Why this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does ſhe feed thee with?

Bell. Why, ſhe does tell me, ſhe will truſt my youth
With all her loving ſecrets; and does call me
Her pretty Servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you: ſhe'll ſee my ſervices
Regarded; and ſuch words of that ſoft ſtrain,
That I am nearer weeping when ſhe ends,
Than e're ſhe ſpake.

Phi. This is much better ſtill.

Bell. Are you not ill, my Lord?

Phi. Ill? No, *Bellario*.

Bell.

Bell. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?

Bell. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bell. She does, my Lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha?

Bell. How, my Lord?

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bell. Never, my Lord, by heaven.

Phi. That's strange: I know she does.

Bell. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me; come, she does;
I bad her do it: I charg'd her by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her: Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleſs? Is not her breath
Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid Ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting Mine of joy?

Bell. I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplext. When first I went to her
My heart held augury; you are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you: I do see
Whereto you tend: fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you: 'tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to naught.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee: Come
Thou shalt know all my drift; I hate her more,
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds:
Hast thou discovered; is she faln to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

Bell. My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent.
Had she the lust of Sparrows, or of Goats;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of Lust, I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know,
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh! my heart?
This is a salve worse than the main disease,

Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain,
As I do now thy face.

Bell. Why so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as Ice: but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it, thus: the breath of Kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of Brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then 'tis no time to dally with thee;
I will take thy life, for I do hate thee:
I could curse thee now.

Bell. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The Gods have not a punishment in store,
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling!
Tell me when, and where, thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

Bell. By heaven I never did: and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd;
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can think,
I'le love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow: and kiss those limbs,
Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?

Bell. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

Bell. Yes, I do know, my Lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousie:
A thing we all pursue: I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game,
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd Souls: think but on those, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with; if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of: kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I do?

Why,

Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earneſtly, that if it were not true,
The Gods would not endure him. Ha, *Bellario*,
Thy proteſtations are ſo deep; and thou
Doſt look ſo truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know 'em falſe, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I muſt love
Thy honeſt looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A Love from me to thee
Is firm, what e're thou doſt: It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did ſo well become thee: But good boy
Let me not ſee thee more: ſomething is done,
That will diſtract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee: if thou tender'ſt me,
Let me not ſee thee.

Bell. I will flye as far
As there is morning, e're I give diſtaſte
To that moſt honoured mind. But through theſe tears
Shed at my hopeleſs parting, I can ſee
A world of treaſon practiſed upon you,
And her, and me. Farewel for evermore:
If you ſhall hear, that ſorrow ſtruck me dead,
And after find me loyal; let there be
A tear ſhed from you, in my memory,
And I ſhall reſt at peace.

Phi. Bleſſing be with thee,
What ever thou deſerveſt. Oh, where ſhall I
Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind.

[*Exit Phi.*

Enter Arethuſa.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again;
But that I know my love will queſtion him,
Over and over; how I ſlept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remembred him when his dear name
Was laſt ſpoke, and how, when I ſigh'd, wept, ſung,
And ten thouſand ſuch: I ſhould be angry
At his ſtay.

Enter King.

Ki. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my ſingle ſelf, I need no guard:
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

K. Tell me: have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, Sir.

K. What kind of boy?

Are. A Page, a waiting boy.

[*Exit Bell.*

K. A handsome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him,
I took him not for beauty.

K. He speaks, and sings, and plays?

Are. Yes, Sir.

K. About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age.

K. Is he full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?

K. Put him away.

Are. Sir.

K. Put him away, h'as done you that good service
Shames me to speak of.

Are. Good Sir, let me understand you.

K. If you fear me,
Shew it me in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, Sir, and then
Your will is my command.

K. Do not you blush to ask it: Call him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so near unto my self,
That by my life, I dare not tell my self,
What you my self have done.

Are. What have I done, my Lord?

K. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already,
They need no Grammar; understand me well,
There be foul whispers stirring: cast him off,
And suddenly; do it: Farewel. [*Exit King.*

Are. Where may a Maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour fair? Not with the living,
They feed upon opinions, errours, dreams,
And make 'em truths: they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortified
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues:
Oh, how they cast to sink it: and defaced
(Soul-sick with poyson) strike the Monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest Mistress,

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me,

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these Christals
Run into rivers: sweetest fair, the cause?
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,

Your

Your creature, made again from what I was,
And newly ſpirited: I'le right your honour.
Are. Oh, my beſt love: that boy?
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me.
Phi. What of him?
Are. Muſt be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous, who?
Are. The King.
Phi. Oh my Fortune,
Then 'tis no idle jealouſie. Let him go.
Are. Oh cruel, are you hard-hearted too?
Who ſhall now tell you, how much I loved you?
Who ſhall ſwear it to you, and weep the tears I ſend?
Who ſhall now bring you Letters, rings, bracelets?
Looſe his health in ſervice? Wake tedious nights
In ſtories of your praiſe? Who ſhall ſing
Your crying Elegies? And ſtrike a ſad Soul
Into ſenſeleſs pictures, and make them mourn?
Who ſhall take up his Lute, and touch it, till
He crown a ſilent ſleep upon my eye-lids,
Making me dream, and cry, Oh my dear,
Dear *Philaſter*?
Phi. Oh my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This Lady was not loyal. Miſtreſs, forget
The boy, I'le get thee a far better.
Are. Oh never, never ſuch a boy again,
As my *Bellario*.
Bell. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee my boy, farewel for ever,
All ſecreſie in Servants: farewel faith,
And all deſire to do well for it ſelf:
Let all that ſucceed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell, and betray chaſte love.
Phi. And all this paſſion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loſs of ſuch muſt have a mourning for.
Phi. O thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my Lord?
Phi. Falſe *Arethuſa*!
Haſt thou a medicine to reſtore my wits,
When I have loſt 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus——
Are. Do what, Sir? would you ſleep?

Phi. For ever, *Arethusa.* Oh you Gods,
Give me a worthy patience: Have I ſtood
Naked, alone, the ſhock of many Fortunes?
Have I ſeen miſchiefs numberleſs, and mighty?
Grow like a Sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as ſtearn as death into my boſom,
And laught upon it, made it but a Mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languiſhing
Hears his ſad bell, and ſees his Mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely? and muſt ſink at length
Under a womans falſhood? Oh that boy,
That curſed boy! None but a villain boy,
To eaſe your luſt?

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd,
I feel the plot caſt for my overthrow:
Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor Kingdom: give it to your Joy,
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never woman-kind durſt ſet her foot,
For burſting with her poyſons, muſt I ſeek,
And live to curſe you:
There dig a Cave, and preach to birds, and beaſts,
What woman is, and help to ſave them from you.
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has: how your tongues like Scorpions,
Both heal and poyſon: how your thoughts are woven
With thouſand changes in one ſubtle webb,
And worn ſo by you. How that fooliſh man,
That reads the ſtory of a womans face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever.
How all the good you have, is but a ſhaddow,
I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Paſt and forgotten. How your vows are froſts,
Faſt for a night, and with the next Sun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A meer confuſion, and ſo dead a *Chaos*,
That love cannot diſtinguiſh. Theſe ſad texts
Till my laſt hour, I am bound to utter of you:
So farewel all my woe, all my delight. [*Exit* Phi.

Are. Be merciful ye Gods, and ſtrike me dead:
What way have I deſerv'd this? Make my breaſt
Tranſparent as a pure Chriſtal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may ſee the fouleſt thought
My heart holds. Where ſhall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out conſtancy? Save me, how black [*Enter* Bell.

And

And guilty (methinks) that boy looks now?
Oh thou diſſembler, that, before thou ſpak'ſt,
Wert in thy Cradle falſe! ſent to make lies,
And betray innocents: Thy Lord and thou
May glory in the Aſhes of a Maid,
Fool'd by her paſſion: but the conqueſt is
Nothing ſo great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my command force thee to that, which ſhame
Would do without it. If thou underſtoodſt
The loathed office thou haſt undergone,
Why thou wouldſt hide thee under heaps of hills,
Leſt men ſhould dig and find thee.

Bell. Oh what God,
Angry with men, hath ſent this ſtrange diſeaſe
Into the nobleſt minds? Madam this grief
You add unto me, is no more than drops
To ſeas, for which they are not ſeen to ſwell:
My Lord hath ſtruck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys,
You need not bid me flye, I came to part,
To take my lateſt leave. Farewel for ever:
I durſt not run away in honeſty
From ſuch a Lady, like a boy that ſtole,
Or made ſome grievous fault: the power of gods
Aſſiſt you in your ſufferings: haſty time
Reveal the truth to your abuſed Lord,
And mine: That he may know your worth: whilſt I
Go ſeek out ſome forgotten place to die. [*Exit* Bell.

Are. Peace guide thee: th'aſt overthrown me once,
Yet if I had another *Troy* to loſe,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and ſend me naked,
My hair diſhevel'd, through the fiery Streets.

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earneſtneſs.

Are. I am in tune to hunt:
Diana if thou canſt rage with a Maid,
As with a man, let me diſcover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful Hind,
That I may die purſued by cruel hounds,
And have my ſtory written in my wounds. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Trasilin, *and Attendants.*

K. WHAT are the Hounds before, and all the Woodmen?
Our Horses ready, and our Bows bent?

Di. All, Sir.

K. Y'are cloudy, Sir, come we have forgotten
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your Spirit; here's none dare utter it.

Di. He looks like an old surfeited Stallion after his leaping, dull as a Dormouse: see how he sinks; the wench has shot him between wind and water, and I hope sprung a leak.

Tra He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues, would he wod leave off poaching.

Di. And for his horn, has left it at the lodge where he lay late: Oh, he's a precious lyme-hound; turn him loose upon the pursue of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th' slip. When my Fox-bitch Bewty grows proud, I'le borrow him.

K. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command, Sir, and I obeyed you.

K. 'Tis well done: Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks that were not noble in him: and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical Justice or other, would presently (without the help of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Di. See, see, how modestly yon Lady looks, as if she came from Churching with her Neighbour: why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest?

Tra. Faith no great matter to speak of, a foolish twinckling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning Harald that finds it.

Di. See how they muster one another! O there's a rank Regiment, where the Devil carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-Major. Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turn done her against her will: before, she was common talk, now none dare say, Cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted, when this Lady means to let her self loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days: oh if they were to be got for money, what a great summ would come out of the City for these Licences?

K. To horse, to horse, we lose the morning, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter,

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the Deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The Princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger Prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone-bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the Dowcets: marry, the steward would have the velvet head into the bargain, to turff his hat withal: I think he should love Venery, he is an old Sir *Tristram*; for if you be remembred, he forsook the Stag once, to strike a Rascal milking in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye. Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The Lady *Gallatea.*

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench; and she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by the Gods, they say she's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more, *Megra.*

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, l'faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose her self three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she pays well. Hark, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods
With milk of Goats, and Acorns, and not known
The right of Crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of womens looks: but dig'd my self a Cave,
Where I, my fire, my Cattle, and my bed
Might have been shut together in one shed:
And then had taken me some mountain Girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwells: that might have strewed my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts
Our neighbours: And have born at her big breasts
My large course issue. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Oh wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts,
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved Lord
Sits as if his Soul were searching out a way!

To

To leave his body. Pardon me that muſt
Break thy laſt commandment; For I muſt ſpeak:
You that are griev'd can pity; hear, my Lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet ſo miſerable,
That I can pity?

Bell. Oh my moſt noble Lord,
View my ſtrange fortune, and beſtow on me,
According to your bounty (if my ſervice
Can merit nothing) ſo much as may ſerve
To keep that little piece I hold of life,
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? be gone:
Go ſell thoſe miſbeſeeming clothes thou weareſt,
And feed thy ſelf with them.

Bell. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The ſilly Country people think 'tis treaſon,
To touch ſuch gay things.

Phi. Now by the Gods, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy ſight;
Th'art falſe again to thy diſſembling trade:
How ſhouldſt thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague unride for me?
Even ſo thou weep'ſt, and look'ſt, and ſpok'ſt, when firſt
I took thee up: curſe on the time. If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Uſe thy art: I'le not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may ſhun thee:
For thine eyes are poyſon to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way or that way?

Bell. Any will ſerve, but I will chuſe to have
That path in chaſe, that leads unto my grave.

[*Exit* Phi. Bell. *ſeverally.*

Enter Dion *and the Woodmen.*

Di. This is the ſtrangeſt ſudden chance! You woodman.

1 *Wood.* My Lord *Dion.*

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a ſable Horſe ſtudded with ſtars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was ſhe not young and tall?

Di. Yes: Rode ſhe to the wood, or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my Lord, we ſaw none. [*Exit Woodmen.*

Enter Cleremont.

Di. Pox of your queſtions then. What, is ſhe found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Di. Let him ſeek his Daughter himſelf: ſhe cannot ſtray about a little neceſſary natural buſineſs, but the whole Court muſt be in Arms: when ſhe has done, we ſhall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thouſand fatherleſs tales amongſt us: ſome ſay her horſe

horſe ran away with her: ſome, a Wolf purſued her: others, it was a Plot to kill her: and that armed men were ſeen in the Wood; but queſtionleſs, ſhe rode away willingly.

Enter King, *and* Traſiline.

K. Where is ſhe?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How is that? Anſwer me ſo again.

Cle. Sir, ſhall I lie?

K. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that:
I ſay again, where is ſhe? Mutter not,
Sir, ſpeak you, where is ſhe?

Di. Sir, I do not know.

K. Speak that again ſo boldly, and, by heaven,
It is thy laſt. You fellows, anſwer me,
Where is ſhe? Mark me all, I am your King,
I wiſh to ſee my daughter, ſhew her me:
I do command you all, as you are Subjects,
To ſhew her me, what am I not your King?
If I, then am I not to be obey'd?

Di. Yes, if you command things poſſible, and honeſt.

K. Things poſſible and honeſt? Hear me, thou,
Thou traytor, that dar'ſt confine thy King to things
Poſſible and honeſt; ſhew her me,
Or let me periſh, if I cover not
All *Cicily* with blood.

Di. Faith I cannot, unleſs you tell me where ſhe is.

K. You have betray'd me, y'have let me loſe
The Jewel of my life: go, bring her me,
And ſet her here before me: 'tis the King
Will have it ſo, whoſe breath can ſtill the Winds,
Uncloud the Sun, charm down the ſwelling Sea,
And ſtop the floods of heaven: ſpeak, can it not.

Di. No.

K. No? Cannot the breath of Kings do this?

Di. No, nor ſmell ſweet it ſelf, if once the Lungs
Be but corrupted.

K. Is it ſo? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the Powers
That muſt be juſt.

K. Alas, what are we Kings?
Why do you gods place us above the reſt,
To be ſerv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder.
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf ſhakes at our threatnings,
I have ſinn'd 'tis true, and here ſtand to be puniſh'd;
Yet would not thus be puniſh'd, let me chuſe

My

My way, and lay it on.

Di. He articles with the Gods; would some body would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter Pha. Gallatea, *and* Megra.

K. What, is she found?

Pha. No, we have ta'ne her horse,
He gallopt empty by: there's some treason:
You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

Gall. She did command me.

K. Command! you should not——

Gall. 'Twould ill become my Fortunes and my Birth,
To disobey the daughter of my King.

K. Y'are all cunning to obey us, for our hurt,
But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand there shall be no more *Cicelie*.

Di. What, will he carry it to *Spain* in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A Cook, and a Taylor.

Di. Yes, you may do well to spare your Lady bedfellow, and her you may keep for a Spawner.

K. I see the injuries I have done, must be reveng'd.

Di. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

K. Run all, disperse your selves: the man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the Traytor, I'le make him great.

Di. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come, let us seek.

K. Each man a several way, here I my self.

Di. Come, Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd my self. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head,
I'le follow you boldly about these woods,
O're mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods:
Heaven I hope will ease me, I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Yonder's my Lady: God knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. O here, you that have plenty,
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground: see,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart:
I fear she faints: Madam look up; she breaths not:
Open once more those rosie twins, and send
Unto my Lord, your latest farewel: Oh, she stirs:

How

How is it Madam? Speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prethee let me go,
I shall do best without thee: I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage,
I'le tell her coolely, when and where, I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods! good gods
Tempt not a frail man: what's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here?
Bell. My Lord, help, help the Princess.
Are. I am well: forbear.
Phi. Let me love Lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women. Some good God look down
And shrink these veins up: stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act. Hear me you wicked ones,
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears: for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms; at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you: what, before my face?
Poyson of Asps between your lips: Diseases
Be your best issues: Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you.
Are. Dear *Philaster*, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.
Phi. I have done,
Forgive my passion: Not the calmed Sea,
When *Eolus* locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I, I'le make you know it:
Dear *Arethusa*, do but take this Sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and raign
In lust without controwl: Wilt thou, *Bellario*?
I prithee kill me: thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts: when I am dead,
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live?
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?
Bell. Alas! my Lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me then?

Are. Kill you?

Bell. Not for the world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do: be gone,
Leave me without reply: this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword,
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are too
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to die,
Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no debates,
No jealousie in the other world, no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Shew me then the way.

Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,
For I must perform a piece of Justice. If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you so it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country fellow.

Coun. I'le see the King, if he be in the forrest, I have hunted him these two hours: if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me: I can see nothing but people better horst than my self, that outride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These Kings had need of good brains, this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a Courtier with his Sword drawn, by this hand upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With Heaven and Earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body.

Coun. Hold dastard, strike a woman! thy part a craven, I warrant thee, thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen veies at masters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations.

Coun. God uds me, I understand you not, but I know the Rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs; it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head,
Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman.

They fight.

Phi.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.

Are. Heaven guard my Lord.

Coun. Oh, do you breath?

Phi. I hear the tread of people, I am hurt,
The Gods take part againſt me, could this Boor
Have held me thus elſe? I muſt ſhift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a courſe
To loſe it, rather by my will than force. [*Exit Phi.*

Coun. I cannot follow the Rogue, I pray thee wench come, and kiſs me now.

Enter Phara. Dion, Cle. Trafi. *and Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almoſt kill'd I am for a fooliſh woman, a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The Princeſs, Gentlemen! Where's the wound, Madam? Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I faith ſhe lies, has hurt her in the breaſt, look elſe.

Pha. O ſacred ſpring of innocent blood.

Di. 'Tis above wonder! who ſhould dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak villain, who has hurt the Princeſs?

Coun. Is it the Princeſs?

Di. I.

Coun. Then I have ſeen ſomething yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you a rogue, one we're ſaw him before, I

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some diſhoneſt wretch; alas I know him not,
And do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too, he cannot go far, I made my fathers old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all, 'tis ſome diſtracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'le leave never a piece of him biggen than a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

Are. Nay, good Sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will ſtudy for a puniſhment,
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But ſwear.

Pha. By all my love I will. Woodman conduct the Princeſs to the King, and bear that wounded fellow to dreſſing. Come Gentlemen, we'll follow the chaſe cloſe.

[*Exit* Are. Pha. Di. Cle. Tra. *and* Woodman.

Coun. I pray you friend let me ſee the King.

2 *Wood.* That you ſhall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear of this, I'le go to ſee no more gay ſights. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellario.

Bell. A heavineſs near death ſits on my brow,
And I muſt ſleep: Bear me thou gentle bank,
For ever if thou wilt: you ſweet ones all,
Let me unworthy preſs you: I could wiſh
I rather were a Courſe ſtrew'd o're with you,
Than quick above you. Dulneſs ſhuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: Oh that I could take
So ſound a ſleep, that I might never wake.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. I have done ill, my conſcience calls me falſe:
To ſtrike at her, that would not ſtrike at me:
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray,
The Gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villain: If ſhe be,
She will conceal who hurt her: He has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this? *Bellario* ſleeping? If thou beeſt
Guilty, there is no juſtice that thy ſleep
Should be ſo ſound, and mine, whom thou haſt wrong'd,
So broken. Hark, I am purſued: you Gods,
I'le take this offer'd means of my eſcape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If ſhe be true, if falſe, let miſchief light
On all the world at once. Sword print my wounds
Upon this ſleeping boy: I ha' none, I think
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

[*Cry within.*

[*wounds him.*

Bell. Oh death I hope is come, bleſt be that hand,
It meant me well; again, for pities ſake.

Phi. I have caught my ſelf,

[Phi *falls.*

The loſs of blood hath ſtayed my flight: Here, here
Is he that ſtruck thee: take thy full revenge,
Uſe me, as I did mean thee, worſe than death,
I'le teach thee to revenge: this luckleſs hand
Wounded the Princeſs, tell my followers
Thou didſt receive theſe hurts in ſtaying me,
And I will ſecond thee: Get a reward.

Bell. Fly, fly my Lord, and ſave your ſelf.

Phi. How's this?
Wouldſt thou I ſhould be ſafe?

Bell. Elſe were it vain
For me to live. Theſe little wounds I have,
Ha' not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
I'le help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me?

Bell. Or let me periſh loath'd. Come, my good Lord,
Creep in among thoſe buſhes; who does know

But

But that the Gods may save your (much lov'd) breath.
Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee: what wilt thou do?
Bell. Shift for my self well; peace, I hear 'em come.
Within. Follow, follow, follow, that way they went.
Bell. With my own wounds I'le bloody my own Sword,
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Clerimond, Trasiline.

Pha. To this place we have tract him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.
Di. Stay Sir, what are you?
Bell. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Di. This is he, my Lord,
Upon my Soul that hurt her, 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy that serv'd her.
Pha. O thou damn'd in thy creation!
What cause couldst thou shape to hurt the Princess?
Bell. Then I am betrayed.
Di. Betrayed; no, apprehended.
Bell. I confess:
Urge it no more, that big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know who hired thee to this deed?
Bell. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge, for what?
Bell. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her Page, and when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o're them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My Fortunes, till they overflowed their banks;
Threatning the men that crost 'em: when as swift
As storms arise at Sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning Suns upon me, and did dry
The Streams she had bestowed, leaving me worse,
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great: In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.
Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel

The

The utmoſt rigour. [Philaſter creeps out of a buſh.
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back you raviſhers of Innocence,
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Di. 'Tis the Lord *Philaſter*.
Phi. 'Tis not the treaſure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rocks of Pearl,
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh down
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princeſs.
Place me, ſome Gods, upon a *Pyramis*,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may diſcourſe to all the under-World,
The worth that dwells in him.
Pha. How's this?
Bell. My Lord, ſome man,
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave theſe untimely courteſies, *Bellario*.
Bell. Alas! he is mad, come will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the oaths that men ought moſt to keep,
And Gods do puniſh moſt, when men do break,
He toucht her not. Take heed, *Bellario*,
How thou doſt drown the vertues thou haſt ſhown
With perjury. By all the Gods 'twas I:
You know ſhe ſtood betwixt me, and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy Judge.
Cle. It was *Philaſter*.
Di. Is it not a brave boy?
Well Sirs, I fear me, we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here? *Di.* Yes.
Phi. Then ſhew it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears ſhed for you when you dy?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breath out my Spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the Gold
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armful from me, this had been a ranſom
To have redeem'd the great *Auguſtus Ceſar*,
Had he bin taken, you hard-harted men,
More ſtony than theſe mountains, can you ſee
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your Flesh
To ſtop his life? To bind whoſe bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth

Of poor *Philaſter*.

Enter King, Arethuſa, *and a Guard.*

K. Is the villain ta'ne.

Pha. Sir, here be two
Confeſs the deed: but ſay it was *Philaſter*.

Phi. Queſtion it no more, it was.

K. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us that.

Are. Ay me, I know he will.

K. Did you not know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was diſguiſed.

Phi. I was ſo, oh my ſtars! that I ſhould live ſtill.

K. Thou ambitious fool;
Thou that haſt laid a train for thy own life;
Now I do mean to do, I'le leave to talk,
Bear him to Priſon.

Are. Sir, they did plot together, to take hence
This harmleſs life; ſhould it paſs unreveng'd,
I ſhould to earth go weeping; grant me then,
(By all the Love a father bears his child)
Their cuſtodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and their deaths.

Di. Death? ſoft, our law will not teach that, for this fault.

K. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with a guard.
Come princely *Pharamond*, this buſineſs paſt,
We may with more ſecurity go on,
To your intended match.

Cle. I pray that this action loſe not *Philaſter* the hearts of the people.

Di. Fear it not, their overwiſe heads will think it but a trick.

Finis Actus quarti. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Dion, Cleremond, *and* Traſilin.

Tra. HAS the King ſent for him to death?

Di. Yes, but the King muſt know, 'tis not in his power to mar with heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King ſent for *Philaſter*, and the headſman, an hour ago.

Tra. Are all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but ſcratches, but the loſs of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, Gentlemen.

Tra. Away.

Di. We'll ſkuffle hard before he periſh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Philaſter, Arethuſa, Bellario.

Are. Nay, *Philaſter*, grieve not, we are well. iv

Bell. Nay, good my Lord, forbear, we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh *Arethuſa!* O *Bellario!* leave to be kind:
I ſhall be ſhot from heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue ſo; I am a man,
Falſe to a pair of the moſt truſty ones
That ever earth bore, can it bear us all?
Forgive and leave me; but the King hath ſent
To call me to my death, oh ſhew it me,
And then forget me: And for thee, my boy,
I ſhall deliver words will mollifie
The hearts of beaſts, to ſpare thy innocence.

Bell. Alas! my Lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of child-hood thrown away:
Should I outlive you, I ſhould then outlive
Vertue and honour: And when that day comes,
If ever I ſhall cloſe theſe eyes but once,
May I live ſpotted for my perjury,
And waſte my Limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the woful'ſt Maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my Lord to death,)
Do by the honour of a Virgin ſwear,
To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated ſo.

Are. Come from this Priſon, all joyful to our deaths.

Phi. People will tear me when they find you true
To ſuch a wretch as I; I ſhall die loath'd.
Injoy your Kingdoms peaceably, whilſt I
For ever ſleep, forgotten with my faults.
Every juſt ſervant, every Maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord, ſay not ſo.

Bell. A piece of you?
He was not born of women that can cut it
And look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
For my heart will break with ſhame and ſorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bell. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done?
If you had wrong'd me baſely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love, Sirs,
Deal with me truly.

Bell. 'Twas miſtaken, Sir.

Phi.

Phi. Why, if it were?
Bell. Then, Sir, we would have ask'd you pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it? *Are.* Injoy it? I.
Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.
Bell. We would, my Lord.
Phi. Forgive me then. *Are.* So, ſo.
Bell. 'Tis as it ſhould be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Dion, Clerimond, Traſiline.

K. Gentlemen, who ſaw the Prince?
Cle. So pleaſe you, Sir, he's gone to ſee the City
And the new platform, with ſome Gentlemen
Attending on him.
K. Is the Princeſs ready
To bring her Priſoner out?
Tra. She waits your Grace. *K.* Tell her we ſtay.
Di. King, you may be deceiv'd yet,
The head you aim at coſt more ſetting on
Than to be loſt ſo lightly: If it muſt off
Like a wild overflow, that ſoops before him
A golden Stack, and with it ſhakes down Bridges,
Cracks the ſtrong hearts of *Pines*, whoſe cable-roots
Held out a thouſand ſtorms, a thouſand thunders,
And ſo made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges ſtrong Towns, Towers, Caſtles, Palaces,
And lays them deſolate: ſo ſhall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thouſands
That muſt bleed with thee like a ſacrifice,
In thy red ruines.

Enter Philaſter, Arethuſa, Bellario, *in a Robe and Garland.*

K. How now, what Mask is this?
Bell. Right royal, Sir I ſhould
Sing you an Epithalamium of theſe Lovers,
But having loſt my beſt ayres with my Fortunes,
And wanting a celeſtial harp to ſtrike
This bleſſed union on; thus in glad ſtory
I give you all. Theſe two fair Cedar-branches,
The nobleſt of the Mountain, where they grew
Straighteſt and talleſt, under whoſe ſtill ſhades
The worthier beaſts have made their layars, and ſlept
Free from the *Sirian* Star, and the fell thunder-ſtroke,
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,
And deliver in thouſand ſpouts, their iſſues to the earth:
O there was none but ſilent quiet there!
Till never pleaſed Fortune ſhot up ſhrubs,
Baſe under-brambles to divorce theſe branches;
And for a while they did ſo, and did reign

Over the Mountain, and choak up his beauty,
With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till the Sun
Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried them there,
And now a gentler gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet and twine together,
Never to be divided: The God that sings
His holy number over marriage beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your Children mighty King, and I have done.

K. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
For now there is no masking in't; this Gentleman,
The Prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throws
Your Jealousies, and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled; and at length
Arrived here my dear husband.

K. Your dear husband! call in
The Captain of the Citadel; There you shall keep
Your wedding: I'le provide a Masque shall make
Your Himen turn his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad Requiems to your departing Souls;
Blood shall put out your Torches, and instead
Of gaudy Flowers about your wanton necks,
An Ax shall hang, like a prodigious Meteor,
Ready to crop your loves sweets. Hear you gods:
From this time do I shake all title off,
Of Father to this woman, this base woman,
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
Chas'd among dogs, or rob'd of his dear young,
The same, inforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me.

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from my self.
What I have done, I have done without repentance,
For death can be no Bug-bear unto me,
So long as *Pharamond* is not my headsman.

Di. Sweet peace upon thy Soul thou worthy Maid
When e're thou dyest; for this time I'le excuse thee,
Or be thy Prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next,
And let my dying words be better with you,
Than my dull living actions; if you aim
At the dear life of this sweet Innocent,
Y'are a Tirant, and a savage Monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you
As you are living, all your better deeds
Shall be in Water writ, but this in Marble.
No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,

But

But for the shame of men: No Monument
(Though high and big as *Pelion*) shall be able
To cover this base murther, make it rich
With Brass, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,
Like the Piramids, lay on Epitaphs,
Such as make great men Gods; my little marble
(That only cloaths my Ashes, not my faults)
Shall far outshine it. And for after Ilues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more, for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like your self, that in his birth shall strangle you;
Remember my Father King; there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin perswade you
To love this Lady. If you have a Son,
Think, save her, and be saved: for my self,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languisht under you, and daily withered,
That, by the Gods, it is a joy to dy,
I find a recreation in't. [*Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. Where's the King? *K.* Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength.
And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,
He's taken Prisoner by the Citizens,
Fearing the Lord *Philaster*.

Di. O brave followers,
Mutiny, my fine dear Countrymen, mutiny,
Now my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons,
In honour of your Mistresses. [*Enter another Messenger.*

Mess. Arm, arm, arm, arm.

K. A thousand Devils take 'em.

Di. A thousand blessings on 'em.

Mess. Arm, O King, the City is in mutiny,
Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*. [*Exit with* Are. Phi. Bellario.

K. Away to the Cittadel, I'le see them safe,
And then cope with these Burgers: Let the Guard
And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance. [*Exit King.*

Manent Dion, Clermond, Tramline.

Cle. The City up, this was above our wishes.

Di. I, and the Marriage too: by my life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my self; a thousand plagues for having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour: O I could beat my self, or do you beat me, and I'le beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Di. You say true, are your Swords sharp? Well my dear Countrymen, what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'le

have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all to be prais'd, and ſung in Sonnets, and bath'd in new brave Ballads, that all tongues ſhall troul you, *in Sæcula Sæculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

Tra. What if a toy take 'em i'th' heels now, and they run all away, and cry the Devil take the hindmoſt?

Di. Then the ſame Devil take the foremoſt too, and ſowce him for his breakfaſt; if they all prove Cowards, my curſes fly among them, and be ſpeeding; May they have Murriens reign to keep the Gentlemen at home unbound in eaſie freeze: May the Mothes branch their Velvets, and their ſilks only be worn before ſore eyes: May their falſe lights undo 'em, and diſcover preſſes, holes, ſtains, and oldneſs in their Stuffs, and make them ſhop-rid: May they keep Whores and Horſes, and break, and live mued up with necks of Beef and Turneps: May they have many children, and none like the Father: May they know no Language but that gibberiſh they prattle to their Parcels, unleſs it be the Goatiſh Latin they write in their Bonds, and may they write that falſe, and loſe their debts. [*Enter the King.*

K. Now the vengeance of all the Gods confound them; how they ſwarm together! what a hum they raiſe! Devils choak your wild throats; If a man had need to uſe their valours, he muſt pay a Brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like ſheep. 'Tis *Philaſter*, none but *Philaſter* muſt allay this heat: They will not hear me ſpeak, but fling dirt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run, dear friend, and bring the Lord *Philaſter*: Speak him fair, call him Prince, do him all the courteſie you can, commend me to him. Oh my wits, my wits! [*Exit* Clerimond.

Di. Oh my brave Countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your Walls for this; Nay, you ſhall cozen me, and I'le thank you, and ſend you Brawn and Bacon, and ſoil you every long vacation a brace of Fore men, that at Michaelmas ſhall come up fat and kicking.

K. What they will do with this poor Prince, the Gods know, and I fear.

Di. Why, Sir, they'll flea him, and make Church-Buckets on's skin to quench Rebellion, then clap a rivet in's ſconce, and hang him up for a ſign.

Enter Clerimond *with* Philaſter.

K. O worthy Sir, forgive me, do not make
Your miſeries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be your ſelf
Still ſound amongſt diſeaſes, I have wrong'd you;
And though I find it laſt, and beaten to it,
Let firſt your goodneſs know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: take your Love,
And with her my repentance, all my wiſhes,
And all my Prayers, by the Gods my heart ſpeaks this:
And if the leaſt fall from me not perform'd,
May I be ſtruck with thunder.

Phi. Mighty, Sir,
I will not do your greatneſs ſo much wrong,
As not to make your word truth; free the Princeſs
And the poor boy, and let me ſtand the ſhock
Of this mad Sea-breach, which I'le either turn,

Or

Or periſh with it. *K.* Let your own word free them.
Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kiſſing your hand,
And hanging on your Royal word: be Kingly,
And be not moved, Sir, I ſhall bring your peace,
Or never bring my ſelf back.
K. All the Gods go with thee. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter an old Captain, and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave Mirmidons, let's fall on, let our Caps
Swarm my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mother
Gibberiſh, of what do you lack, and ſet your mouths
Up, Children, till your Palates fall frighted half a
Fathome, paſt the cure of Bay-ſalt and groſe Pepper,
And then cry, *Philaſter*, brave *Philaſter*,
Let *Philaſter* be deeper in requeſt, my ding dongs,
My pairs of dear Indentures, Kings of Clubs,
Than your cold water-Chamblets, or your paintings
Spitted with Copper, let not your haſty Silks,
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tiſſues,
Dearly belov'd of ſpiced Cake and Cuſtards,
Your Robin-hoods ſcarlets and Johns, 'tis your affections
In darkneſs to your ſhops, no dainty Duckers,
Up with your three pil'd Spirits, your wrought valours,
And let your uncut Collers make the King feel
The meaſure of your mightineſs, *Philaſter*,
Cry, my Roſe-nobles, cry. *All. Philaſter, Philaſter.*
Cap. How do you like this, my Lord Prince? theſe are mad boys,
I tell you theſe are things that will not ſtrike their top-ſails
To a Foiſt. And let a man of War, an Argoſie
Hull, and cry Cockles.
Pha. Why you rude Slave, do you know what you do?
Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know,
And give your Greatneſs warning, that you talk
No more ſuch Bugs-words, or that ſoldred Crown
Shall be ſcratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Peppin,
Down with your noble blood, or as I live,
I'le have you codled: let him looſe my Spirits,
Make us a round Ring with your Hills my Hectors,
And let us ſee what this trim man dares do,
Now, Sir, have at you; here I lie,
And with this ſwaſhing blow, do you ſweet Prince,
I could hulk your Grace, and hang you up croſs-leg'd,
Like a Hare at a Poulterers, and do this with this wiper.
Pha. You will not ſee me murdered, wicked Villains?
2 *Cit.* Yes indeed will we, Sir, we have not ſeen one foe a great while.
Cap. He would have weapons, would he? give him a broadſide, my brave boys, with your Pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers like a Sattin, and between every Flower a mortal cut, your Royalty ſhall ravel, jagg him, Gentlemen, I'le have him cut to the kell, then down the ſeams, oh for a whip. To

To make him galoon Laces,
I'le have a Coach-whip.

Pha. O ſpare me, Gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear and know himſelf,
He ſhall for this time only be ſeal'd up
With a Feather through his noſe, that he may only ſee
Heaven, and think whither he's going,
Nay my beyond-Sea Sir, we will proclaim you
You would be King,
Thou tender Heir apparent to a Church-ale,
Thou ſlight Prince of ſingle ſarcenet,
Thou royal Ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor mens Poultry, and have every Boy
Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keep me from theſe Hell-hounds.

1 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, Captain?

Cap. No, you ſhall ſpare his dowcets, my dear Donſels,
As you reſpect the Ladies let them flouriſh;
The curſes of a longing woman kills
As ſpeedy as a plague, Boys.

1 *Cit.* I'le have a Leg, that's certain. 2 *Cit.* I'le have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'le have his noſe, and at mine own charge build a Colledge, and clap't upon the Gate.

4 *Cit.* I'le have his little Gut to ſtring a Kit with,
For certainly a Royal Gut will ſound like Silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy Belly, and I paſt my p[illegible] once.

5 *Cit.* Good Captain let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels elſe? ſpeak.

Pha. Good Gods conſider me, I ſhall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain I'le give you the trimming of your ſecond-hand ſword, and let me have his skin to make falſe Scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He had no Horns, Sir, had he?

Cap. No Sir, he's a Pollard; what wouldſt thou do with horns?

2 *Cit.* O if he had had, I would have made rare Hafts and Whiſtles of 'em, but his ſhin bones if they be ſound ſhall ſerve me.

Enter Philaſter.

All. Long live *Philaſter*, the brave Prince *Philaſter*.

Phi. I thank you Gentlemen, but why are theſe
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Roſiclear,
We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our muſty Murrians on,
And trace the Streets in terrour. Is it peace
Thou Mars of men? Is the King ſociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,

And

And free as *Phœbus?* Speak, if not, this ſtand
Of royal blood, ſhall be a-broach, a-tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be ſatisfied, I am my ſelf,
Free as my thoughts are; by the Gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the Lords bow, and the regarded Scarlets
Kiſs their gumd gols, and cry we are your ſervants?
Is the Court Navigable, and the preſence ſtuck
With Flags of friendſhip? if not, we are thy Caſtle,
And this man ſleeps.

Phi. I am what I do deſire to be, your Friend,
I am what I was born to be, your Prince.

Pha. Sir, there is ſome humanity in you,
You have a noble Soul, forget my Name,
And know my Miſery, ſet me ſafe a boord
From theſe wild *Canibals*, and as I live,
I'le quit this Land for ever: there is nothing
Perpetual Priſonment, Cold, Hunger, Sickneſs
Of all ſorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worſt company of the worſt men, madneſs, age,
To be as many Creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay to deſpair;
But I would rather make it a new Nature,
And live with all theſe, than endure one hour
Amongſt theſe wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you: Friends diſcharge your fears,
Deliver me the Prince, I'le warrant you
I ſhall be old enough to find my ſafety.

3 *Cit.* Good Sir take heed he does not hurt you,
He's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'le have a ſurſingle,
And make you like a Hawk. [*He ſtirs.*

Phi. Away, away, there's no danger in him:
Alas he had rather ſleep to ſhake his fit off.
Look you friends, how gently he leads, upon my word
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends go to your houſes, and by me have your pardons and my love,
And know there ſhall be nothing in my power
You may deſerve, but you ſhall have your wiſhes.
To give you more thanks were to flatter you,
Continue ſtill your love, and for an earneſt
Drink this.

All. Long may'ſt thou live brave Prince, brave Prince, brave Prince.

[*Exit* Philaſter *and* Pharamond.

Cap. Go thy ways, thou art the King of Courteſie!

Fall

Fall off again, my ſweet Youths, come, and every man
Trace to his houſe again, and hang his Pewter up, then to
The Tavern, and bring your Wives in Muffs, we will have
Muſick, and the red Grape ſhall make us dance, and riſe, Boys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Arethuſa, Gallatea, Megra, Clerimond, Dion, Traſiline, Bellario, *and Attendants.*

K. Is it appeas'd?

Di. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as ſleep, my Lord *Philaſter*
Brings on the Prince himſelf.

K. Kind Gentlemen!
I will not break the leaſt word I have given
In promiſe to him, I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To waſh away. [*Enter* Philaſter *and* Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come. *K.* My Son.
Bleſt be the time that I have leave to call
Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a ſalve unto my breaſt
For all the ſtings that dwell there, ſtreams of grief,
That I have wrought thee; and as much of joy
That I repent it, iſſue from mine eyes:
Let them appeaſe thee, take thy right; take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed Soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Paſt and forgotten: For you, Prince of *Spain*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furniſh'd to your Realm
With fair Proviſion, I do ſee a Lady
Methinks would gladly bear you Company:
How like you this piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His Princely liking, we were ta'ne a bed,
I know your meaning, I am not the firſt
That Nature taught to ſeek a fellow forth:
Can ſhame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have Princes Salves
To cure ill names that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You muſt get another ſhip
To bear the Princeſs and the boy together. *Di.* How now?

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him,
At that all women may be ta'ne ſometimes:
Ship us all four, my Lord, we can endure

Weather

Weather and wind alike.
K. Clear thou thy ſelf, or know not me for Father.
Are. This earth,
How falſe it is! what means is left for me
To clear my ſelf? It lies in your belief,
My Lords believe me, and let all things elſe
Struggle together to diſhonour me.
Bell. O ſtop your ears, great King, that I may ſpeak
As freedom would, then I will call this Lady
As baſe as her actions; hear me, Sir,
Believe your hated blood when it rebels
Againſt your reaſon, ſooner than this Lady.
Meg. By this good light he bears it handſomly.
Phi. This Lady! I will ſooner truſt the wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with Pearl,
Than her with any thing; believe her not!
Why think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be known
But death.
K. Forget her, ſince all is knit
Between us: but I muſt requeſt of you
One favour, and will ſadly be denied.
Phi. Command, what e're it be.
King. Swear to be true to what you promiſe.
Phi. By the Powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.
K. Bear away that Boy
To torture, I will have her clear'd or buried.
Phi. O let me call my word back, worthy Sir;
Ask ſomething elſe, bury my life and right
In one poor Grave, but do not take away
My life and fame at once. *K.* Away with him, it ſtands irrevocable.
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me, here ſtands a man,
The falſeſt and the baſeſt of this world:
Set Swords againſt this breaſt ſome honeſt man,
For I have lived till I am pitied,
My former deeds were hateful, but this laſt
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preſerver of my life
Unto his torture: is it in the power
Of Fleſh and Blood, to carry this and live? [*Offers to kill himſelf.*
Are. Dear Sir be patient yet: oh ſtay that hand.
K. Sirs, ſtrip that boy.
Di. Come Sir, your tender fleſh will try your conſtancy.
Bell. O kill me, Gentlemen. *Di.* No help, Sirs.
Bell. Will you torture me?

K. Haſte there, why ſtay you?
Bell. Then I ſhall not break my vow,
You know juſt Gods, though I diſcover all.
K. How's that? will he confeſs?
Di. Sir, ſo he ſays. *K.* Speak then.
Bell. Great King, if you command
This Lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, ſhall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and ſtranger things than theſe
You hear not often. *K.* Walk aſide with him.
Di. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not?
Bell. Know you this face, my Lord? *Di.* No.
Bell. Have you not ſeen it, nor the like?
Di. Yes, I have ſeen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bell. I have bin often told
In Court, of an *Euphraſia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would ſwear)
There was ſuch ſtrange reſemblance, that we two
Could not be known aſunder, dreſt alike.
Di. By heaven, and ſo there is.
Bell. For her fair ſake
Who now doth ſpend the ſpring-time of her life
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King
That I may ſcape this torture.
Di. But thou ſpeak'ſt
As like *Euphraſia* as thou doſt look,
How came it to thy knowledge that ſhe lives
In Pilgrimage?
Bell. I know it not, my Lord,
But I have heard it, and do ſcarce believe it.
Di. Oh my ſhame, is't poſſible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee, art thou ſhe,
Or elſe her Murderer? where wert thou born? *Bell.* In *Siracuſa*.
Di. What's thy name? *Bell. Euphraſia.*
Di. O 'tis juſt, 'tis ſhe,
Now I do know thee, oh that thou hadſt died,
And I had never ſeen thee, nor my ſhame,
How ſhall I own thee, ſhall this tongue of mine
E're call thee Daughter more?
Bell. Would I had died indeed, I wiſh it too,
And ſo muſt have done by Vow, e're publiſh'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer: yet I joy in this,
The Princeſs is all clear. *K.* What have you done?
Di. Alls diſcovered. *Phi.* Why then hold you me?
All is diſcovered, pray you let me go. [*Offers to ſtab himſelf.*

K.

K. Stay him. *Are.* What is diſcovered?
Di. Why my ſhame;
It is a woman, let her ſpeak the reſt.
Phi. How! that again. *Di.* It is a woman.
Phi Bleſt be you powers that favour Innocence.
K. Lay hold upon that Lady.
Phi. It is a woman, Sir, hark Gentlemen,
It is a Woman. *Arethuſa* take
My Soul into thy breaſt, that would be gone
With joy: It is a Woman, thou art fair
And virtuous ſtill to Ages, in deſpight of malice.
K. Speak you, where lies his ſhame?
Bell. I am his Daughter. *Phi.* The Gods are juſt.
Di. I dare accuſe none, but before you two,
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. *Phi.* Take it freely, for I know,
Though what thou didſt were undiſcreetly done,
'Twas meant well. *Are.* And for me,
I have a power to pardon ſins as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy. *Phi.* But *Bellario.*
(For I muſt call thee ſtill ſo) tell me why
Thou didſt conceal thy Sex, it was a fault,
A fault *Bellario*, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it. All theſe Jealouſies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadſt diſcovered, what now we know.
Bell. My Father oft would ſpeak
Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehenſive, I did thirſt
To ſee the man ſo rais'd, but yet all this
Was but a Maiden longing, to be loſt
As ſoon as found, till ſitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in Lawn. I ſaw a God
I thought, (but it was you) enter our Gates,
My blood flue out, and back again as faſt
As I had puft if forth, and ſuckt it in
Like breath, then was I call'd away in haſte
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a Sheep-coat, to a Scepter rais'd,
So high in thoughts as I, you left a kiſs
Upon theſe Lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever, I did hear you talk
Far above ſinging; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and ſearch'd
What ſtir'd it ſo, alas! I found it Love,
Yet far from Luſt, for could I but have liv'd
In preſence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble Father
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dreſt my ſelf

In habit of a Boy, and for I knew
My Birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my Sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a Maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
For other than I seem'd; that I might ever
Abide with you, then sate I by the Fount
Where first you took me up.

K. Search out a Match
Within our Kingdom, where, and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy Dowry, and thy self
Wilt well deserve him.

Bell. Never, Sir, will I
Marry, it is a thing within my vow,
But if I may have leave to serve the Princess,
To see the vertues of her Lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. I, *Philaster*,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Dresst like a Page to serve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here, come live with me,
Live free as I do, she that loves my Lord,
Curst be the Wife that hates her.

Phi. I grieve such vertue should be laid in Earth
Without an Heir: hear me, my royal Father,
Wrong not the freedom of our Souls so much,
To think to take revenge on that base woman,
Her malice cannot hurt us: set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

K. Set her at Liberty, but leave the Court;
This is no place for such; you, *Pharamond*,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a Prince; when you come there,
Remember 'twas your faults, that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.

Pha. I do confess Renowned Sir.

K. Last joyn your hands in one, enjoy *Philaster*,
This Kingdom which is yours, and after me
What ever I call mine, my blessing on you,
All happy hours be at your Marriage Joys,
That you may grow your selves over all Lands,
And like to see your plenteous Branches spring
Where ever there is Sun, let Princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.